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POEMS,

LYRIC, MORAL, AND HUMOROUS.

BY THOMAS CROSSLEY.

“ The hour so spent shall live,
Not unapplauded, in the book of Heav'n.
For dear and precious as the moments are
Permitted man, they are not all for deeds
Of active virtue. Give we none to vice,
And Heaven will not strict reparation ask
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent as best amuses us.”

HURDIS.

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PREFACE.

IN the Author's opinion, the less said in a preface to trifles such as the following, the better : if they contain any thing worthy of notice they need no apology ; if not, all that can be urged in their favor will not save them from a merited fate.

It will be obvious to any reader, that the pieces which compose this little volume are not the produce of formal and studious application ; they are, for the most part, hasty and juvenile compositions, written to enliven a solitary hour, or the results of incidental impression.

If the reader can while away a leisure hour on these trifles with any degree of amusement, the Author will be amply recompensed ; and beyond this neither his ambition nor expectation extends.

T. C.

Near Halifax,
December 2nd, 1823.

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A WINTER'S NIGHT.

“ Say, Muse, how pass
The frozen hours of Winter, the long eve.”

HURDIS.

LO ! once again the storms of Winter come,
And howl tremendous on yon hoary hills ;
While every warbler of the grove is dumb,—
Hush'd are the pleasing murmurs of the rills ;
The buzz of insects, and the wild bee's hum,
No more with secret joy the bosom fills :
And not one flower to cheer the barren plain,
Such is, oh Winter, thy despotic reign.

II.

Beneath thy blasts pale Flora sickens, and
Her blooming garlands wither in thy showers ;
Hard were her struggles to maintain her stand,
But, ah ! thy freezing influence overpowers ;
She quits her hold ; leaving our native land,
In other climes she binds her wreath of flowers ;
Whilst thou, dark despot, rul'st without control,
And bring'st thy horrors from the frigid pole.

III.

'Tis night ; but ah, no moon is seen, to cheer
The weary traveller thro' the gloomy vale ;
No, not one star in all yon vaulted sphere
Can thro' the murky atmosphere prevail,
But snows, and whirlwinds, are contending there,
And with their rage his trembling steps assail :
Death may attend an inadvertent tread,—
No cottage near—alas, his hopes are fled !

IV.

This is a time when the full heart can bless

The Providence, who bounteously has given
A peaceful home—domestic happiness,

The choicest blessings of all-bounteous heaven ;
While some are struggling with the fiend—Distress,
No roof to shield them when the snows are driven,
In drifted barriers by the furious blast,
Which, howling, sweeps across the barren waste.

V.

See how the blazing hearth its warmth extends !

The crackling faggot gleams in every eye,
And to each heart its cheering influence lends,
And all is jollity, and all is joy !

While I, surrounded by my dearest friends,
List to the fearful storm which hurries by :
Shaking the tottering casement in its frame,
And wafting to and fro the bright'ning flame.

VI.

Then since tumultuous Boreas has unfurl'd
His blustering pinions o'er our little isle,
The News is read—how fares the southern world,
In trade and commerce—peace and war,—meanwhile
The BEER goes round, the fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Involves each face, yet each face wears a smile
Of sweet content, and many a joke is pass'd,
And the loud laugh is chorus to the wintry blast !

VII.

Full many a tale is told, of local birth,
And many a poet's theme becomes our own ;—
Dear luckless wights ! when genius, wit, and worth,
Can barely shield you from the critic's frown,
And Poverty has claim'd you from your birth ;—
A future age your urns shall nobly crown
With the sweet Apollonian wreath, and you
Shall brighter shine as years their course renew.

VIII.

But to my song,—‘ a Winter’s Night ’ I call’t,
And all the charms that season can inspire ;
When flowery Nature’s magic scenes revolt,
And friends meet friends around an evening fire ;
When winds and snows our cottage fronts assault,
How sweet to listen to the poet’s lyre !
Or, to a friend’s satiric recitations
From Bickerstaff’s, or Knox’s lucubrations.—

IX.

Instructive recreations we can find,
Besides the poets, and the themes of Knox ;—*
Debating on the swiftness of the wind,
Or where, in Autumn, swallows go in flocks !
Then, Buffon search, to clear each dubious mind,—
Or give each other strong electric shocks !
And thus, with many a sport and converse gay,
We pass the tardy wintry nights away.

* Knox’s Winter Evenings.

X.

Sometimes in geographic lore we choose
To try our skill, and stretch the ample map ;
Or turn the globe, to show where brave Perouse
Found out an entrance in the polar gap ! *
Or turn'd the south-sea islanders' canoes
Keel up,—because they gladly would entrap
The splendid bark which anchor'd on their coast,
And of the seamen make a dainty ROAST !

XI.

Methinks I hear the war-song, and the whoop
Of these marauders of that distant land ;—
The hideous howlings of the motley group,
The weighty missile slung with skilful hand,
And, whistling round the tall majestic sloop ;—
Meantime, the guns are loaded at command :—
Which strike each savage breast with fear and wonder
Of those who deal in light'ning, fire and thunder !

* I have seen it remarked, (as Nature has made nothing in vain) that the earth on which we live is a sort of shell, and that the concavity in the interior, is inhabited ; the entrances to this subterranean abode being at the Poles ! Hence, it has been asserted, that the unfortunate, (or rather fortunate) cir-

XII.

Now look without, the storm is almost past ;
The heap'd-up snow involves the traveller's road ;
The skies are now no longer overcast,
Save by thin fleecy clouds, which faintly shroud
Pale Cynthia's lovely face—and scudding fast—
And thus, by fits, she pours her light abroad,
While round her orb the twinkling stars are seen,
Thro' the deep blue, to pour their rays between.

XIII.

Anon, we point the optic glass, to where
Thro' quick traversing clouds, the errant moon
Peeps out, and shows her face so lovely clear—
So clear, it might be now the month of June ;—
Then we debate about her atmosphere ;
And how, sometimes, she darkeneth the Sun :
And how thro' Terra's gloomy shade she glides ;
Clears the dank air—and heaves the swelling tides.

cumnavigator, La Perouse, having discovered this long-sought-after mystery, may now be living in the very bowels of the earth !

It has, however, lately been discovered, that the vessel in which Perouse sailed, was wrecked near the South Cape of New Zealand ; and in all probability, he, and all the crew perished.

XIV.

Next on the planets, and the stars so bright,
We argue ;—these have lustre of their own ;
While planets from the Sun receive their light—
It has by deep astronomers been shown,—
And, if what Herschel has advanc'd, is right,
They on their axes turn—the time unknown ;
He also has advanc'd—(it may be true,)
That he has seen ONE SINGLE STAR, FORM TWO ! *

XV.

The Comets, next, engross our deep attention,
And how they wander into endless space ;—
It would be ludicrous indeed, to mention
The different sentiments there are of these,
And how prolific some are at—INVENTION,—
I'll state a few opinions if you please ;
For Newton, Hutton, Whiston, Herschel, Halley,
Have given descriptions which by no means tally !

* See Herschel on the double stars.

XVI.

Some have advanc'd that they are globes of fire,
To light up worlds, (the beacon must be grand!)
While some have said that they are omens dire
Of war and famine on our native land;
Some, they are opaque bodies—some go higher,
Asserting they are globes of water—and
After all that, which has been said and sung,
Perhaps these deep philosophers are WRONG!

XVII.

'Tis thus we pass the wintry nights away,
In social converse, and in harmless glee;
Free from the vices of the great and gay,—
From apathy, and irreligion free.—
Ah, may they never stain the poet's lay,—
For every season has its charms for me;
I sigh not for bright Summer's lengthen'd show,
Nor do I wish for Winter's exit now.

XVIII.

For, could we have one everlasting Spring,
 Soon would its beauties on our senses pall ;
Could one eternal Summer round us fling
 Its store of beauties, and encircle all ;—
Should Autumn cease not each rich offering,
 Yet should we wish for some short interval
To taste the joys of Spring, or Summer's charms,
Brown Autumn's treasures, or bleak Winter's storms.

XIX.

Then, tho' the wintry snows are falling fast,
 And woods, and verdant fields can charm no more ;—
Tho' all their beauties wither at the blast—
 The chilling blast from Norway's icy shore,
Tho' feather'd warblers now are dumb—yet hast
 Thou charms for me, I hail the woodland roar :
And when these dreary scenes are past, 'twill bring
A double zest for sweet returning Spring.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR star of Heaven ! when day declines
Far, far below the western wave,
Thy dewy eye then brighter shines,
And breaks the misty shades of eve.

So when the Christian's race is o'er,
That Star of Hope which did illume
His weary path, then shines the more,
And points to realms beyond the tomb !

TO THE CUCKOO.

BIRD of the green and lonely vale,
Thou greet'st once more our sea-girt isle :
Spring wafts along the balmy gale,
And Nature wears a placid smile—
Thou seek'st each grove, with flickering wing,
And with thy shout the woodlands ring.

On April's blue-ey'd morn, I heard
With rapturous joy, thy cheering voice ;
I hail'd the strange, mysterious bird,
Which bids the woods and groves rejoice ;—
Clear and monotonous, her tale
She sung within my native vale.

Lone songstress, how can'st thou to know
That Spring had deck'd our isle with flowers ?
How knew'st thou, that each woodland bough
Receiv'd the gentle vernal showers ;
And that each green, expanding bud,
Mild open'd in the lonely wood ?

Eccentric bird ! why is thy stay
Within our native isle so short ?—
Long ere autumnal breezes play,
Dost thou to some warm clime resort ?
Or sleep'st the hollow woods among,
Till flowery Spring demands thy song ?

Thou shun'st each keen observing eye,
When thou desert'st our native isle ;—
Or who has seen thee dormant lie
When snows o'erspread the dreary soil ?
Be as it may, thy song will cheer
The short-liv'd Spring, each rolling year.

Thy exit, yet, is only known
To Him who bids the seasons roll ;
Thy ways are plain to Him alone,
Who rules the world from pole to pole ;—
Then sing, sweet bird, thy transient lay,
And steal, unseen, unheard, away.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AFTER RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ONCE more within the vernal mead,
While light-wing'd zephyrs fan the flowers,
A convalescent invalid
Devotes his hours.

Oh, now 'tis doubly sweet to rove
Beneath the cloudless atmosphere ;
To mark the skylark far above—
Sweet warbling there.

The blackbird's song—the wild-bee's hum
The rude monotony renews,
While gathering from the golden broom
The fragrant dew.

Sweet is the balmy breeze of Spring,
As softly o'er my cheek it plays ;
Hope's sweetly renovating wing
My prospects raise.

How long it seems since I have had
Such joys, devoid of sickness' blast !—
Since Nature was so lovely clad
What days have past !

Yes, days of pain, since last I trod
The silken grass—the vi'lets blue ;
And dashed from the verdant sod
The spangled dew.

The heath-clad waste, how dear to me !

The haz'ly glens, the woodlands green,—
When Sickness leaves her victim free
T' enjoy the scene.

O Health ! thou richest boon of Heaven,
Again I feel thy gladdening power ;
In vain were Nature's beauties given
If Sickness lower.

Thus, while I quaff the healthful gale,
Thus, while I range the verdant wood ;
Oh may they lead my thoughts to dwell
On Nature's God !

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

'Twas midnight. I laid myself down to repose,
For the tempest was hush'd, and the storm was gone by ;
And the moon from the far eastern billow arose,
And threw her pale light on our pennant on high.

I slept. But a vision arose to my view,
'Twas not of the dangers I lately had seen ;
Ah no ! 'twas of pleasures my infancy knew,
When I rambled so gay on the flower-cover'd green.

Where oft in my childhood I bounded along
On the heath-mantled wild, or the wood-cover'd plain ;
And listen'd, alive to the nightingale's song,—
In fancy I sipp'd these pure pleasures again !

How dear was our cottage—yet dearer to me

Were my brothers, my sisters, my comrades—how dear!
And gladly they hail'd my return from the sea,
While my parents shed over me many a fond tear.

I woke from their fond demonstrations of love,

But what could I hear but the billows' loud roar?—
The boatswain's shrill whistle was heard from above,
And I sprang from my bed to my duty once more!

STANZAS ON FRIENDSHIP.

A FRIEND is often but a name,
A title often marr'd ;
Perhaps some mercenary view
May make him feign a friendship true,
And plead a firm regard.

Where is the friend who still is true
When summer days have flown ;
When chill adversity appears,
And she her ruthless crest uprears,
And all your hopes bows down.

Where is the man who then will come
And shake thee by the hand.
Still show his firm regard for thee,—
'Tis he deserves, and only he
To bear the name of—FRIEND.

But should he then his aid withhold,
And all his love be wean'd ;
From that dear name strike out the R,
And let him ever after bear
The cursed name of—FIEND !

DOBSON'S GHOST.

A Tale

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

'Twas when November's rushing floods
Roar in the naked, leafless woods,
When nights are long, and whirlwinds blow,
Driving rude showers of rain and snow.—
'Twas at this dreary season, when
O'er many a dark and lonely glen,
Old Dobson, with a beating heart,
Was trudging from a neighbouring mart.

A basket, with a well-lin'd store,
On his left arm he trembling bore,
He swung a sapling at his right,
And dar'd each demon to the fight !

The sun had long withdrawn his ray,
No cheering moon illum'd his way ;
No star was seen, but o'er the heaven,
The clouds, with furious sweep were driven.

He gain'd the dark wood's solemn gloom,
And yet two tedious miles from home ;
Down craggy steeps, and caverns drear,
The torrent rush'd in wild career,
The trees, with wither'd foliage hung,
Met by the winds, responsive rung ;—
The very rocks were bellowing round him,
And with their dismal howls confound him,

Such was the scene. No human voice
Bid Dobson's beating heart rejoice,
With hurried steps he trudg'd along
The rustling leaves and boughs among,

Deep musing on the tales of old,
Which oft by his fireside were told,
Of fiends, and hags, which had pursued
Benighted travellers thro' this wood ;
And neighbouring peasants tell with fear
They hold their nightly revels here.
Poor Dobson many a short prayer utter'd,
Then forth this self-reproach he mutter'd.

“ Why did I at the market stay
When twilight to the dark gave way ?
Did not I know no moon this night
Would guide my wandering steps aright ?
Did not I see the heavens frown,
Long, long before the sun went down ;
Did not I hear the whirlwinds blow,
And see the driving showers of snow ?—
Why did I chat with yon old fool
(The greatest imp of ridicule !)
And grin, and laugh at all his tricks,
And hear his train of Politics !—

Guide me, ye powers, thro' this dread night,
And guard me from each hellish sprite ! ”

Thus, as he up the hill was rising,
Deep musing, and soliloquising,
He heard a rustling sound behind,
Come floating on the buoyant wind ;
He listen'd for the same once more—
He heard it plainer than before !
Quicker he walk'd—the sound fell quicker,
Old Dobson's steps grew swift and thicker !

At length, his hat began to grow
Too small to fit his swelling brow,
And from its owner's bristly head,
The broad-brim'd, ancient covering fled !
The FIEND now rais'd a dismal howl,
Which shook poor Dobson's inmost soul !

His loaded basket down he threw,
And thro' the lonely wood he flew ;
Where screaming owlets, loud and shrill,
Render'd his fright more frightful still,

The fiend still follow'd close behind,
Its footsteps rustling on the wind ;
Poor Dobson's feet, flew, wing'd with fear,
To leave the demon in the rear :
'Twas all in vain !—for soon he found
The furious foe was gaining ground.

Startled at the unusual rush,
'Thro' every copse, and fen, and bush,—
A solitary ass had stray'd
Within the wood, and loudly bray'd !

Our hero rais'd a dismal hue,
And swift as lightning forward flew.

At length he gain'd the homeward stile—
From home he was but half a mile ;
Five minutes more—and if not taken,
O Dobson, thou may'st SAVE THY BACON !
Remember all their charms and tortures,—
Perhaps thou may'st be cut in quarters !
Ah never, never stay in town
Again, till the bright sun goes down.

The cause of all our hero's pain,
My simple story shall explain ;
A neighbour to this hapless wight,
O'ertaken in the stormy night,
And not o'erfond of solitude,
Wish'd for a comrade thro' the wood :
To chat along the dreary road,
Till each might gain his own abode :

When to his joy, he heard a sound
Before him, on the woody ground,
And quicken'd up his steps to see
Whoe'er the wight should chance to be,—
And gain his welcome company. }
The figure, now, to his surprise,
Evaded both his ears and eyes ;
Then to o'ertake it forward ran,—
When suddenly the chase began !
Thro' brake and briar, the GAME he follow'd,—
In vain—A FRIEND !—A FRIEND ! he hallow'd ;
O'er walls, and drifted snows he pass'd,
And gain'd his humble cot at last.

His neighbour now had reach'd the place
Where lay the object of his chase ;
And thro' the tatter'd curtain, lo !
Poor Dobson's deathlike form he saw ;
He lay, and seem'd depriv'd of life—
Meantime, his kind officious wife
In fearful terror o'er him stood,
And, trembling, clear'd the briny flood,
Which flow'd, (poor fellow) with his chase,
In torrents down his pallid face.

Now venturing in with solemn air,
He did such deep concern declare,
That thus, by the decree of Fate,
He found his friend in such a state.
And as, so late, he'd seen him well,
He begg'd he would his sufferings tell.

Now Dobson rais'd his sickly head,
And thus in broken accents said.

“ Ah, neighbour ! I am very bad,—
Such, such a near escape I've had ;—

While passing thro' you homeward wood,
By hell-hounds I was close pursued ;
Had not I sav'd myself by flight
I'd not convers'd with you to-night !"

He told how they had yell'd—and how
They'd struck him many a furious blow ;
Before him, now, like fire they seem'd,
And in his very eyeballs gleam'd !—
“ My very hair is burnt and sing'd—
And every limb has been unhing'd !
But I am thankful, now 'tis o'er,
And I will pass that wood no more,—
No, not for all the land, that I
With India's boasted wealth could buy !”

His friend no longer could contain—
Nor from a fit of mirth refrain ;
Then told his case with heartfelt glee,
And clear'd the hidden mystery !
While, in disgrace, th' half-murder'd man,
In faltering accents thus began.

“ Well, well, the best may be deceiv’d—
In fact, I feel both pleas’d and griev’d ;
And as your statement may be true,
I earnestly desire of you,
(For neighbours oft are apt to rail)
Not to divulge the curious tale ;
And I will ne’er, in wood or lane,
Be frighten’d with SUCH GHOSTS again !”

The secret, lo ! he could not hold,
But all his tittering neighbours told ;
And, from that day, HIS peace he lost,
For he is nam’d—“ OLD DOBSON’S GHOST !”

THE REDBREAST.

O COME, my little winter friend,—
Now keenly blows the northern gale ;
The snows in whirling wreaths descend,
And top each hill and winding vale.

Thou know'st full well the lattic'd door,
Where wild the wreathing woodbines twine ;—
Last Spring, when pale-streak'd flowers they bore,
Their green sequester'd haunts were thine.

There, undisturb'd, I've often seen
Thee bear the fibrous root along ;
Or, watch'd thee skim the vernal green,
Or, trembling, feed thy helpless young.

I've often heard thee pipe aloud,
Ere the bright sun had grac'd the east ;
And when he'd gain'd the western cloud
Thy sweet-ton'd vigils had not ceas'd.

And shall I, then, deny the boon
Which now thou seem'st to ask from me ;—
For thy sweet lays in flowery June,—
For all thy summer minstrelsy ?

This sheltering roof shall be thy home
Till vernal scenes again appear ;—
No keen-ey'd school-boy here can come,—
No murdering tube awaits thee here.

And, when sweet Spring has spread her flowers
On rising hill, and verdant plain ;
Then thou may'st leave my humble bowers,
And seek thy favourite groves again.

STANZAS ON A COMET.

“ Alas ! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws :
Let baffled science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By Him who gives her laws.”

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

LATE o'er the silent veil of night,
(Far in the realms of space unknown,)
A splendid Comet took its flight,
And glaring with mysterious light,
Illum'd the heavenly zone.

Some, trembling, view'd him from afar,
And in his fiery visage saw
Death, famine, pestilence, and war,
Shook from this dire malignant star,
On mortals here below.

Some hail'd his light without a fear,
With level'd tube, and curious eye,
They raptur'd view'd his flaming rear,
And measur'd out his wide career,
Along the boundless sky.

Anon, he revels in the beams
Of Sol's all radiant light, and then
He swift as fancy's fleeting dreams,
Beyond the solar boundary gleams,
Far, far from human ken.

There dark chaotic scenes among,
He still keeps on his destin'd way,
Thro' dreary wilds he winds along
For ages, ere with impulse strong
He seeks the solar ray.

But who can tell the deep design
Of Him, who launch'd the stranger forth :
Say, does he bring us peace benign,
Or is't a mark of wrath Divine
Upon this wicked earth ?

Or does his flaming rear, unfurl'd,
Diffuse its genial matter round,
And thus revive each drooping world,
(By which th' eccentric orb is hurl'd,)
In frigid regions crown'd ?

Or does he friendly meet the sight
Of worlds beyond, where Herschel gleams,
Thus kindling up their gloomy night,
Infusing heat, and life, and light,
Sipp'd from the solar beams ?

“ Alas ! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws ;
Let baffled science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By Him who gives her laws.”

LINES

TO THE

MEMORY OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

The Suffolk Poet.

“ Yet once again, dear 'parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !”

COLLINS.

FAIN would the Muse the trembling lyre resume,
And o'er the rural minstrel's lowly tomb,
Would sweetly strike each melancholy string,—
To thee, dear GILES, the last sad tribute bring :
Tell how thou sweetly swept the woodland lyre,
And from it drew such pure ecstatic fire ;—
Tell what philanthropy possest thy mind,
What tender love thou hadst for all mankind ;

How thou rejoic'd the widow's heart, and how
Thou sooth'd the helpless orphan's anguish'd brow ;—
A thousand virtues might the Muse unfold,
A thousand virtues would remain untold !
Thy ample pages show—from vice refin'd,
A heart unsullied, and a spotless mind.

Thou wast the pride of all our rustic swains,
Who, far from cities, tread the verdant plains ;
They read, they study, wonder and admire,
Thy rural musings set their souls on fire.

Oft, while the ploughshare cleaves the stubborn soil,
Thy simple tales will cheer their useful toil ;
And when the “ HORKEY'S ” cup performs its round,
And merry groups bestrew the moon-lit ground,
The sports and pastimes, which thy Muse hath shown,
And thy sweet themes will oft become their own.

Nor they alone, thy rural musings prize,
Thy page still charms the learned and the wise,

They still bestow the meed of praise, and thus
Still own thee England's sweet Theocritus !

Who can peruse without unsullied joy
Thy much-fam'd Pastoral, "THE FARMER'S BOY?"
Pictur'd by thee, the landscape never cloys,
But yields us unsophisticated joys ;—
Thy work will rank with Thomson's noble page,
Transmitted down to the remotest age !

Th' intrinsic merit of thy "RURAL TALES,"
The bosom softens, and the heart regales ;
In rustic cots, devoid of taste and art,
Love hast thou pictur'd with a feeling heart.

"WILD FLOWERS," which thou hast cull'd, are truly
sweet,
With richest hues, and balmy scents replete ;
Yes, they are flowers whose blossoms ne'er will fade,
Tho' wintry winds may blow, and storms invade !

With thee, dear bard, e'en now in fancy's eye,
We trace the wild meanderings of the WYE !
Leave, for a time, the dear delights of home,
O'er Radnor's hills, and Cambrian wilds to roam.

The Muses smile with an auspicious ray
Upon thy village bards of sweet "MAY DAY."
Where "*good Sir Ambrose*" each poetic soul
Cheer'd 'neath "*the towering shades of Oakley Hall !*"

But now, dear bard, thy short career is o'er,
Thy tuneful voice will charm our hearts no more ;
What thou hast left behind, will charm the soul,
Long as succeeding generations roll ;
Ye Muses, hang with cypress wreaths your bowers,
Weep o'er his urn, and strew his grave with flowers !

August, 1823.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY ON THE BANKS
OF CALDER.

BEAUTEOUS are these rising hills,
And the gently murmuring rills,
Flowing thro' the meads so green,
Oh, how charming is the scene !
Let me have a cot beside
Calder's gently-flowing tide ;
Where, along its sinuous way,
Oft at evening would I stray,
While the trembling moon-beams pale
Quiver'd o'er each hill and dale ;
This sweet season I would choose,
And I'd court the pensive muse ;

But when winter's surly blast
O'er each hill and dale is cast,
To my cot I'd then retire,
By the cheering evening fire.
There with Milton I'd converse,
Or sweet Thomson's muse rehearse ;
Or the tedious hours employ
On gentle Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy."
But if nobler themes invite,
When come on the shades of night,
Then with Herschel I can stray
O'er the ample milky-way ;
View each planet in its sphere,
Rolling thro' the tardy year.
Thus amusement I shall find ;
These will please my pensive mind ;
These will point the certain road
To the throne of nature's God.

THE WITHER'D LEAF.

AUTUMN had dropt the curtain, when
I wander'd thro' a lonely glen ;
The fitful breeze which sprung,
Moan'd thro' the hoary trees, with wither'd foliage hung.

The mourning woods, on either side,
Reluctant dropt their leafy pride ;
Pensive and sad, I view'd the scene,
And mus'd on what they late had been ;
When with a heart so gay,
I 'neath their waving honours took my devious way.

To where the leaves in heaps were strown,
Another, ('twas the last,) fell down ;
It was the last *that* tree could boast—
Shrivell'd by Time, and tempest-tost,
It bade its parent-branch adieu—
Close to my vagrant feet it flew ;
 To snatch the prize, I bent,
And as I mus'd upon't, thus gave my feelings vent.

What is the life of feeble Man ?

 A leaf ! which in the spring appears
So beauteous and so promising,
 Tho' oft suffus'd in tears.

And next he flaunts in summer pride,
 And braves the elemental strife ;
And yet, the storm may soon divide
 The brittle thread of life.

But should it not, th' autumnal stage
Will furrow o'er his cheek with age,
 And winter's blasts arise ;

Then, like this quivering leaf, he shivers--falls--and dies !

Yet thou, frail leaf, must heedless rot,
Unknown, unpitied, and forgot ;
While Man shall, renovated, bloom,
And burst the barriers of the tomb !—

How wide the contrast here !
But 'twixt thy life and his—how like in their career !

THE MIDNIGHT WINDS.

IN Somnus' mantle wrapt, the world is lost.
And, lo ! a dark and moonless night, now spreads
Its sable pinions o'er the vast expanse
Of earth and sky.

And hark ! the yelling Spirit of the storm
Shrieks on yon hills—now thro' the hollow vale
Leads the fell throng, which rocks the stately oak—
The Abbey's ruin'd walls.

The winds are hush'd,—or in Æolian strains,
Soft and melodious breathe ;—then piping loud,
Rush down the winding vales, or sweep the heath,
By grizzly night-hags haunted !

This is a time the poet dearly loves ;
For while he lists to the “ careering winds,”
His wild-wing'd fancy on their pinions floats,
And soars to heaven !

THE TWO POTS.

A FABLE.

AN earthen pot, and one of brass,
 (So Æsop tells us in a moral fable,)
 Upon a river's brink lay side by side ;
 When, by the sudden swelling of the tide,
They both were carried down the stream—alas !
And to resist its fury quite unable.

Dash'd to and fro, the earthen pot exprest
Some fear that it could not withstand the shock ;—
 Oh, cries the other, you may rest
Content, I'll keep you from each dangerous rock,
 Rely on me—come closer !—why my friend,
You seem to shun me when I service lend !

'Tis *you* I dread, our earthen hero cries,

Therefore to take your *sage* advice

I'll not agree.—

I pray that you'll with-hold your kind assistance ;

For should you dash on me, or me on you,

Inevitable ruin must ensue

To me,—

Therefore I beg you'll keep a proper distance.

THE SCEPTIC.

A TALE.

“ Shall frail man Heaven’s dread decree gainsay.”

BEATTIE.

To share the morning’s early beams,
Eugenio trac’d the limpid streams ;
Now pac’d along the woodland glade,
And now emerging from the shade,
Rambled along the upland farm,
Admiring Nature’s every charm.
The landscape’s wide extended scene,
With rivers, rocks, and woods between ;
The waving corn-fields, far and near,
The rural sounds which met his ear,—

Nay, where he turn'd his ravish'd sight,
It fill'd his bosom with delight.
Full oft he stopt to gaze around,
And mus'd in ecstasy profound ;
And gave, while rapture fill'd his soul,
The praise to Him who plann'd the whole.

At length he met a certain wight,
Whose soul was dull—as his was bright—
Nay, hear each varied speech, and you
Will own what I've advanc'd is true.
“ 'Tis a delightful morning, this,”
Eugenio said.—Why, yes sir, yes,
Was the ambiguous reply ;
Tho', (he continued) bye and bye
I think, sir, it will turn to rain,
Which will, you know, quite spoil the grain.
E'en now, the fickle mercury's range
Prognosticates a speedy change.
Cut down your corn—it blights your aim,
Why let it stand—it spoils, the same ;

My corn has ripe for three weeks been,
I dare not put a sickle in ;
For watch your glass, or watch your vane,
You're certain to be caught in rain ;
'Twould be much better if we could
Have rain, or not, just as we would !

This, tho' with emphasis exprest,
At first, Eugenio thought a jest ;
But when he found the man sincere,
He thus assail'd th' assertor's ear.

Well, on this principle, we'll say,
When man commands—the skies obey ;
Are clear, or frown, or showers shall fall,
Obedient to his earnest call ;
Your neighbour might a clear day want,
While you for showers of rain might pant ;
While some might call for snow and frost,—
'Thus all would have their prospects crost.—
All would be blighted expectation,—
All would be trouble and vexation.

And Providence's omniscient plan
Is for the good of thankless man :
And He who form'd this mighty frame,
Can surely over-rule the same !
Then why should we (poor silly elves)
Desire to rule the skies ourselves ?

SCEPTIC.

In spite of all you say, I still
Maintain the self-same principle ;
Forsooth, I doubt what you advance—

EUGENIO.

What ! doubt a ruling Providence ?

SCEPTIC.

I'm not ashamed to own't—I do,
Nor can you prove my creed untrue.

EUGENIO.

You know, my friend, in Nature's laws,
For an effect there is a cause :
The Cause of Causes then must be
A kind, eternal Deity !

SCEPTIC.

Sir, I declare it, frank and free,
No man can ever bias me ;
Nor will I ever condescend
To own what I can't comprehend.

EUGENIO.

Then mark, within the meads below,
The harmless sheep—the useful cow ;
I merely wish you to declare
Why one grows wool—the other hair ?—

Your firm opinion, now defend it,
You'll *own*, but can you comprehend it?

The sceptic now, without delay,
'Turn'd on his heel and sneak'd away !

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

'Tis evening,—Venus sheds her softest beams
 Upon the earth,—and leads the heavens along ;
 Superior to the rest she seems,
 Of all the twinkling points and orbs that throng
 The ethereal vault.—Oh ! listen to my song ;
 Tell me, oh tell me, what is thy design ?
 Wert thou form'd merely on this world to shine ?
 Or art thou peopled like this globe of ours,
 Thy mountains green, thy vallies deck'd with flowers ?
 Or the abode of the departed blest,
 Where kindred friends and weary pilgrims rest ?
 These, these are wonders, mysteries, now conceal'd,
 And in this world to man must never be reveal'd !

THE LADY AND THE RAINBOW.

A FABLE.

SPRING had expanded every flower
Beneath her mild enlivening shower,
Softly the vernal zephyrs play'd
Along the meads and woodland glade,
The feather'd warblers carol'd wild,
In vesture gay the garden smil'd.

When forth a lady hied to share
The rural scenes—the vernal air ;
A virtuoso at the shrine,
Where Flora's tinted garlands shine.
She view'd her favorite rose expand
Beneath Spring's irrigating hand ;

The pale-ey'd daisy—vi'lets blue,
The pendent lilac's modest hue,
The tulip streak'd with various shade,
Its gaudy petals there display'd,
Delighted with their various hues,
Each blossom'd plant she raptur'd views.
But now the hovering clouds portend,
A heavy shower will soon descend ;
The nymph within her favorite bower,
Sought shelter from the transient shower.
There, as she sat, a splendid bow,
In grandeur from th' horizon's brow,
Spann'd the dark hills, and grac'd the skies,
Richly adorn'd with matchless dyes.

Hail, sacred bow of promise, she
Exclaim'd in purest ecstasy ;
How much, thou stately arch ! I love
To see thee glittering from above.
The lovely colours which adorn
Thy graceful form, but newly born,

And all the changeful hues in which
Thou'rt clad, no human art can reach.
Proud crescent ! still how short thy stay,
How soon thy beauty fades away ;
Like whispers from th' Æolian lyre,
How soon thy magic hues expire !
E'en now thy sickening dyes declare,
Thou soon wilt vanish into air !

Ah, yes, and like thy fleeting form
Beneath the ruthless, wintry storm,
These beauteous flowers will droop and die,
Nor bloom beneath December's sky :
Each grove will then denuded be,
In wild chaotic scenery !
I've look'd for Spring with anxious pain,
But wintry storms will howl again.

A voice was heard, soft, sweet, and low ;
“ Yes, lady fair, 'tis even so,
As that aerial vision flies,

Each sublunary object dies ;
'Tis true, thy plants and flowers will fade,
When winter's bellowing storms invade ;
Yet know'st thou not, that frail as they
Time steals the lovely rose away
From beauty's cheek ? then, lady, see
How closely they resemble thee.
And like that evanescent bow,
Is beauty's mild enchanting glow ;
Like that, it vanishes away,
Like that, it hastens to decay.
But still, as glittering in the showers,
It points to more congenial hours.
Emblem of Hope ! then let it cheer
And soothe thy mind thro' life's career ;
Nor let a murmuring thought invade,
That earthly scenes so quickly fade,
But let it point to realms divine,
Where lasting pleasures ever shine."

THE SCHOOL-BOY, THE BUTTERFLY,
AND THE BEE.

A FABLE.

'Twas in the cheering month of May,—
Warm'd by the fervid solar ray,
A butterfly, with gilded wing,
Hied forth to taste the sweets of Spring.

O'er purple heaths she took her way,
O'er meads where Flora held her sway ;
Now sipp'd the daisy's latent dew,
Now thro' the grove her way pursues ;
With flickering wing, from flower to flower,
She revel'd in the sunny hour.

An idle school-boy, who had seen
This gay coquette—this painted queen,
To mischief prone—in manners rude,
From mead to mead the toy pursued ;
Tyro oft view'd her wings out-spread—
Oft he advanc'd with cautious tread,
Or forward sprung—'twas all in vain,
She rose into the air again !

At length she spied a rose-bush gay,
Which wildly bloom'd beside the way,
Whose tempting flow'rets seem'd to cast
A most delectable repast ;
And so, within an honied cup,
Behold the gaudy insect drop !

With cautious steps the youth drew nigh,—
Desir'd success beam'd in his eye ;—
Then rush'd precipitate to stay
With eager hand, the worthless prey,
Instead of that, he instant found
A most excruciating wound ;

For she, beneath her golden wing,
Conceal'd the rose's latent sting.
Thus Tyro, of his vain pursuit,
Full soon had reap'd the bitter fruit.

A Bee, that chanc'd to pass that way,
Observ'd the bleeding victim lay,
To whom he told in plaintive strain,
His disappointment, grief, and pain.

“Would you,” replied th' industrious Bee,
“Just take a friendly hint from me,
It might, in after life, prevent
A more afflictive punishment.
That vain coquette, which led you on
Thro' flowery scenes which now are gone,
Is just an emblematic view
Of Pleasure's vain deluded crew ;
She leads her clan thro' fragrant bowers,
And promises unclouded hours ;
They revel, with her sweet entice,
Thro' all the motley scenes of vice.

Then Ruin, with extended arms,
Tho' clad in fascinating charms,
Smiling, invites to her embrace,
The poor infatuated race,
They grasp the tempting joys, but find
The keenly pointed thorns behind ;
'Tis then the goddess, Pleasure, flies,
And the deluded victim dies."

" Boy !—let this morning's vain career,
Thro' life's rude pilgrimage appear,
To light thy way to manhood's prime,
And smoothly pass the stream of time.

When Pleasure spreads her visions gay,
To tempt thy youthful heart astray,
And from fair virtue's path to turn,—
Then the delusive phantom spurn !

So thou shalt never feel the smart
Of Pleasure's deep envenom'd dart ;
And ere thou'st past life's journey thro',
Thou'lt find my maxims to be true."

THE CAPTIVE LINNET.

For me no more the Spring shall crown
Each towering tree, each hill and dale ;
But pensively, I here, alone
Must languish in this wiry cell.

Must I, to please a tyrant's ear—
(A seeming friend,—a deadly foe !)
Chaunt forth my mournful ditties here,
And freedom's sweets at once forego ?

O, let me range the flowery field,
Or yonder green umbrageous grove ;
There shall my voice sweet music yield,
Again I'll pour my notes of love.

Ye took me from my native wood,
Vain were my feeble fluttering then ;—
In vain our young may chirp for food,—
My mate I ne'er shall see again.

Tho' dainty food ye give to me,—
Drink, purer than the mountain dews ;
Ah ! what are these, when liberty
To me, poor captive, ye refuse ?

In vain the hawthorn blooms anew ;
And from this wiry dome I see
The woods, and groves their sweets renew,
But ah, they bloom no more for me !

To fancy's ear, the captive bird
To touch the tyrant's bosom tried ;—
Then dim his haz'ly eye appear'd ;—
He stretch'd his feeble wings—and died !

STANZAS.

—— “ Who can see the current run,
And snatch no feast of mental food ?”

BLOOMFIELD.

THE morn was bright, the dews were clear'd,
And Sol shed down his burning ray ;
Where many a rustic swain appear'd,
To toss about the fragrant hay.

Still up the sapphire skies so blue,
He rode in full meridian blaze ;
And seem'd to say—“ your toil pursue,
And look not yet for cloudy days.”

But soon dark clouds began to lower,
Full soon the rumbling thunders came ;
The torrents now began to pour ;—
And fierce the forked lightnings flame !

The sun broke forth, and shone serene,
The clouds dispers'd,—and all was still ;—
Sure, such an evening ne'er was seen
As when he set behind the hill !

How like th' unstable life of Man,
The changeful scene to me appears ;
He follows Pleasure's glittering clan,
But ends the vain pursuit in tears !

Thunders may roll, and tempests lower,
But keep thy soul from worldly strife ;
Then shalt thou brave the stormy hour,
And bright will be the eve of life.

LINES TO AN INFANT.

FAIREST—loveliest little child !
With thy aspect sweet and mild,
Thy mother's features I can trace
In thy little chubby face.

Who can view without delight
Such a lovely, charming sight :
See her little forehead rise !
See her blue and sparkling eyes !
Mark her little ruby lip,
(From which nectar you may sip,)
Just observe her aspect meek,
And the dimple on her cheek,—

Far as mortal eyes can see,
Angels must resemble thee !

May I live to see thee rise
Like the Spring's untainted dyes ;
Virtuous, dutiful, and pure,
From the snares of vice secure,
With every other female charm
Which the human breast can warm.

May'st thou possess the kindred worth
Of her, (sweet babe,) who gave thee birth,
May'st thou possess her generous heart,
Nor from fair Virtue's path depart.

So shalt thou brave life's rugged ways,
And smooth will pass thy tranquil days ;
And, when the scenes of life shall end,
E'en Virtue's self will humbly bend
With weeping eyes o'er thy cold bier,
And shed her tenderest tear-drops there !

ON BEAUTY.

ON May's sweet morn I've often view'd
The misty vapors floating wide ;
But, when the Sun his broad orb show'd,
Away these mists would quickly glide.
At morn I've seen, in all their pride,
The short-liv'd flowers of sultry June ;
At eve their blooming petals died,
They droop'd—they wither'd—ah, how soon !
E'en such is Beauty, 'twill decay,
Like flowers in June, or mists in May !

THE BEE.

PRETTY insect of the Spring,
 Busy all the shining day ;
Thou art ever on the wing—
 Every floweret is thy prey.
When bright April's falling showers
Clothe the fields in yellow flowers,
Thou improv'st the dewy hours—
 O'er each mead thou wing'st thy way.

Pretty insect of the Spring,
 Heedless of the sultry heat,
If thou can'st but homeward bring
 Nectar to thy snug retreat :
Ranging by the silvery flood,
Or the margin of the wood,
' Or the heath's sweet solitude,—
 By the shepherd's grassy seat.

Pretty insect of the Spring,
Thou a lesson giv'st to Man,—
Time is ever on the wing,—
Human life is but a span ;
Emblem thou of industry,—
Let him then resemble thee,
Truth will crown the simile,
Ere the sand of life has ran !

SPRING.

“ Come gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness come.”

THOMSON.

LOVELY Spring once more returns,
And Sol in wonted lustre burns ;
In bright Aries see him shine,
For he now has cross'd the line,
Equaliz'd our nights and days,
And sheds around his glorious rays.

Sweet and pleasant is the scene,
Yonder mountain's side how green !
See yon verdant waving wood,
Mark below yon crystal flood
Winding slowly thro' the meads,
Or dashing down its rocky beds.

Come ye gentle falling showers,
And bestrew our way with flowers ;
Gently blow, ye balmy breezes,—
Winter's raging tempest ceases,—
On your gently waving wing
Bear the treasures of the Spring.

See the little vi'let blue,
With its flower of various hue,
And the half-expanded rose
Round the air its fragrance throws,
While in its drooping cup it bears
A gentle shower of dewy tears.

Now the bee is all alive,
And forsakes the busy hive ;
She beneath the dewy shower
Sips honey from each new-born flower.
Earliest harbinger of Spring,
Hark ! the blackbird's notes begin,

He bids the feather'd tribe prepare
For the glad season now so near.

Now the lark forsakes her nest,
And, with swelling trembling breast,
See her mounted, towering high,
Exulting in the ambient sky.

Mark the congregated crows,
With reiterated caws,
Floating round the budding trees,
Wafted by the southern breeze.

With what rapture do my eyes
View these blushing beauties rise ;
Each verdant field, each opening grove,
Invites my soul to praise and love ;
Power divine ! thy hand we see,
Let us give the praise to thee !

SUMMER.

Now climbing high, the burning sun
His utmost altitude has run,
From Cancer darts his piercing rays,
And lengthens out the sultry days.

Now every flower is in full bloom—
The woods a darker hue assume,
No more the babbling brook runs by,
But to its very source is dry :
The lowing cattle in the meads
Seek the oaks' umbrageous shades,
Or, their burning blood to cool.
Mark them in the stagnant pool.

Lo! the blazing orb of day
Darts his fierce meridian ray,
Pleasing now to see his beams,
Sparkle on the limpid streams,
While beneath this shady tree,
From his power I am free.

Now the warblers of the glade
Seek the forest's thickest shade ;
There in silence they retreat
From the sultry noontide heat.
But black'ning clouds are gathering wide,
Along th' horizon's western side,—
Anon they spread o'er heaven's blue dome,
And veil the skies in murky gloom.

Hark! the distant thunders roar,—
Sheets of lightning rend the skies,—
Soon the burden'd clouds will pour
O'er the earth the welcome prize.

'Tis done!—and thro' the parting cloud
Bright Sol peeps from his watery shroud,
And o'er yon hill the painted bow
Is glittering in the sunbeams now!
On every bush the feather'd throng
Resume the loud and sprightly song.

Now let me rove where fancy leads,
Where the green hedgerows fence the meads,
There the frail woodbine's lovely bloom
Diffuses round its rich perfume,
Where many a new-fledg'd nestling tries
Into its native air to rise,
And from the wild-brier's weeping flower
Oft dashes down the dewy shower.

This is the hour for all who prize
A charming, healthful exercise ;
Upon the river's lonely side,
Where gently flows the crystal tide,

The village boys are met, to lave
Their limbs upon the buoyant wave ;
From 'neath yon oak's o'erarching boughs,
Which in the limpid water throws
Its rude inverted form, they sweep
Into the bosom of the deep ;
While round the half-emerging head,
What wide-expanding circles spread !

Now radiant Sol has lost his power,
As calmly comes the evening hour ;
And hovering o'er the crimson'd west,
Illumes the mountain's distant crest.
Then makes his brilliant exit here,
To light the western hemisphere !

Now mark the red round moon emerge
From the horizon's eastern verge,
And, sailing up the clear blue sky,
Delight the gazer's raptur'd eye ;

Wide spreading round, her fairy beams
Dance in the clear meandering streams,
While rising vapors smoothly ride
Along the pensile woodland's side.
Thus come the hours of sweet repose,
Thus Cynthia o'er the landscape throws
Her silvery mantle—calm—serene,
And peace and silence close the scene.

A BALLAD.

BE still, ye howling winds be still,
My love is on the raging sea ;
Thou stately vessel glide away,
And bear him safely home to me.

Long have I watch'd the foaming waves
Roar loudly on the rocky beach,
And gaz'd across the yawning deep,
Far as my aching eyes could reach.

Say, does he live?—if so, ye storms
Rest till he sets his foot on shore ;—
Alas ! they mock my soul's alarms,—
They're roaring louder than before !

Yet, Hope,—enchanting nymph ! thou still
Shed'st o'er my soul thy genial power ;—
'Thou can'st the drooping spirits raise,
When tempests howl, and billows roar.

Ye tempests cease—ye winds be still,
My love is on the raging sea ;—
'Thou stately vessel glide away,
And bear him safely home to me.

THE DREAMING COBLER.

A BURLESQUE STORY.

“He dreams of riches, grandeur and a crown,
He wakes, and finds himself a simple clown.”

How many on the world's wide stage
There are, who in rude discord “*wage*
With Fortune an eternal fray,”
And pass their restless lives away,
In idle dreams, and useless wishes,
To gain the envied loaves and fishes !

Our ancient foes—the French, oft deem
The luxury of a pleasant dream
An added bliss to life's short hour,—
Seek it, say they, with all your power.

But here our story plainly shows,
Dreams have their sad attendant woes.

Now while this fable you peruse,
(The feeble offspring of the Muse)
A smile may o'er your features rush,—
There's nought, I hope, will cause a blush,
Unless, perchance, from him who drew
The scene ;—and plac'd it in your view.
But still, my friends, I freely own,
There's much to cause a critic's frown ;
Yet in the present times, I say,
'Tis hard to please both grave and gay.
Yet after all, you cannot fail
To glean a moral from our tale.

An idle cobbler, be it told,
Had panted long for heaps of gold,—
Wealth was his daily—nightly dream,
His favorite topic—constant theme :

And how his object to obtain,
Had puzzled long his pregnant brain.

Full many a scheme he had in view—
Like other schemes—they would not do ;
But when they fail'd, without much trouble
He'd quickly form another bubble ;—
No sooner blown—than like the first,
Within his eager grasp 'twould burst.

He had a wife—and children seven—
'Twas likely, they might have eleven.
His wife, as all the country knew,
Was an accomplish'd—perfect shrew.
Poor Crispin, of his failures sick,
Oft felt her powerful rhetoric.
And, (heaven preserve us from such wives,)
She often play'd the game of *Fives* !

One evening, when the pealing rain
Beat heavy on each crazy pane,

His wife had to a neighbour's sped,—
The children all asleep in bed ;
The glimpses from his half-fill'd lamp
Serv'd but his towering soul to damp ;
Whilst an half-finish'd shoe he sees
With deep disgust strapt to his knees !

His wife away—of nought afraid,
His hammer on the stall he laid,
Then search'd his pockets thro' with care,—
Alas ! but not one doit was there ;

No—not one drop, exclaim'd the wight,
Must pass this thirsty throat to-night ;—
And then, with meditation deep,
Poor Crispin felt inclin'd to sleep.
When sleep had seiz'd his upper story,
Morpheus appear'd in all his glory.

A noble female near him stood,
And thus she spake in smiling mood.
Crispin—your heart's desire I know,
You sigh for wealth—is it not so ?

Most noble lady !—Crispin cried,
For wealth, indeed, I long have sigh'd,
Besides, my wife, (good heaven reform her,)
Is such a termagant and stormer,—
If some good wight would riches send,
All matrimonial strife would end ;—
But that can never, never be,
My lot on earth is—poverty !

Cease, cried the goddess, cease your prate,
I'll make you noble—wealthy—great.
He ceas'd—and from her side she took
An ebon wand, and o'er him shook
The mystic charm, and in a word,
Old Crispin felt himself a lord !
His greasy jerkin, rough and old,
Was now a coat all trimm'd with gold,
His leathern cap—with jewels set,
Was turn'd into a coronet.

His children, too, were richly drest,
And madam far exceeds the rest.

But still, she felt inclin'd to keep
Her master, or her mistress-ship !
And lo ! he saw his litter'd stall
Transform'd into a spacious hall.

The bowl, which long his wax did hold,
Was now a vase of massy gold ;
The stagnant water which it held,
Was turn'd to punch—how rich it smell'd !
The balls of sable wax, were then
Transform'd to lemons, cut in twain ;
And, to complete this curious schedule,
His hammer now became a ladle !
The frame where rows of lasts were rang'd,
Was to a noble side-board chang'd,—
These were to savoury hams restor'd,
Which sweetly smok'd upon the board ;
Pies, fowls, and rumps of beef were there,
And vassals cring'd behind his chair.
He'd horses, fitted for the race,
And noble hunters for the chase ;

His lands were fertile—rich, and spacious,
His friends were many—free and gracious ;
But let a man be mean and poor,
There's scarce a friend comes near his door ;
Then let him rise to fame or wealth,
They'll swarm around, and drink his health ;
Thus friends—so call'd, round Crispin throng,
As flies, around a heap of dung !
In short, our hero's bliss complete,
He'd nought to do but *sleep* and eat.

Meanwhile, his partner having sat
Full three good hours, in idle chat,
At neighbour Johnson's, near the court,
Where other lazy dames resort ;
Sought, once again, her lonely house,
To see, once more, her *loving* spouse.

As she approach'd the outer gate,
She heard no laboring hammer beat ;
No song, as bending o'er his stitches,
“ *Ye gods, oh send me death or riches,*”—

Which was, as you may be supposing,
Of honest Crispin's own composing.

His wife, now thro' the curtain thin,
Beheld her snoring spouse within ;
And, slowly creeping in by stealth,
To spoil his blissful dreams of wealth ;
Altho' at heart not overcool,—
And plumply knock'd him off the stool !

Poor Crispin wak'd, but 'stead of gold,
And all the willing Muse hath told,
Beheld his wife, like stormy weather,
Kicking about his scraps of leather ;

You dog ! she cried, you lazy loon,
Behold our neighbour Johnson's *shoon* !
Which should, you sot, as well you know,
Have gone home full three weeks ago.
While you sit snoring at your ease,
I *work* and *toil* like Hercules !

A man of wax—you stupid Jew,
Would be a prince, compar'd to you,
What mean you—eh! you lazy elf?—
To poison—hang—or drown myself:
Then to allay the furious brawl,
Resum'd his hammer and his awl.

THE MISTAKE.

A LADY, who fond of Sir Walter Scott's novels,
 His brave Scottish heroes—his old highland hovels,—
 Having glow'd over *Waverley*—(that dreadful faction,)
 Thro' all the three volumes, with great satisfaction.
 Then to her maid-servant, thus spoke the fair madam,
 Take these volumes back, to the place whence I had 'em ;—
 I suppose you're at liberty ?—*yes ma'am*,—why go-ye-then
 And bring with you back, “ *The Heart of Mid Lothian.*”

With cheeks like the roses—and eyes brightly beaming,
 She sallied—but sure of no sweetheart was dreaming ;—
 However, it happen'd, by some means or other,
 She simpering enquir'd for—*the heart of a clothier !*
 The bookseller, smiling, suppos'd her in love,
 And directed her straight to the Cloth Hall, above !

IMPROMPTU.

WHEN o'er the seas young Harry went,—
Opprest with grief, and discontent,
E'en tears would not relieve him,
Till from his charming Sally S——t,
A faithful promise he had got,
That she would not *deceive* him.

May she prove true ! and be thy bride,
But when the nuptial knot is tied,
Pray Harry give me leave
To speak my mind, quite frank and plain,—
If she does not *deceive* thee then—
Then she will *me deceive* !

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas midnight, when we saw the flash
Far on the deep—far on the deep ;
We heard the roaring billows dash,
In fancy saw each female weep—
While on the billows roll'd the ship,
Now buried low—now high in air—
They cannot sleep—they cannot sleep,
Ah no, what soul can slumber there ?

Now stronger blows the furious wind,
With driving rain—with driving rain ;
Near a lee-shore of rocks and sand—
With fragile cable snapt in twain,—
Now see the cannon flash again !
And now we hear its pealing roar,—
Ye powers ! oh calm the boisterous main,
And land them safely on the shore.

Now hear her dashing on the rocks,
No hand to save—no hand to save ;
A scene which human nature shocks,—
They sink within a watery grave ;—
Each tender female—sailors brave,
All take of life a sad farewell ;
While mourns the loud triumphant wave,
The roaring wind their passing bell !

AN ENIGMA.

IN mystic verse, I now presume
To try your wit—I pray make room,
And listen to my theme :
For lack of thought, some court my aid,
For so a certain bard has said,
Whose genius was supreme.

In stature, I am rather low,—
A mouth—a throat, and nose I show,—
Or rather I've a beak ;
And I am such a sprightly elf,
No doubt I shall betray myself,
If once you hear me speak.

I'm heard among the woodland bowers,
When Spring profusely strews her flowers,
 And Nature wears a smile ;
Now with the ploughman I am found,
When plodding o'er the fallow ground ;—
 Companion of his toil.

The rustic lass knows well my voice,
And, when she hears me, will rejoice,
 And hasten to my call ;
The sportsman, too, I often aid,
When from the brown autumnal glade,
 The fluttering victims fall.

Anon, the theatre I attend,
But there I seldom prove a friend,
 For tho' I'm on the stage,
I sometimes mingle with the crowd,
And there I often curse aloud
 The dulness of the age.

Tho' many a play I have cut down,
Yet to the very dogs I'm thrown,
Which you may think severe ;
And tho' I'm fleeting as the wind,
And valueless—you'll often find
I'm purchas'd far too dear.

AN ENIGMA.

THE theme which gives this brief enigma birth,
 Is, I believe, coeval with the earth ;
 Tho' some wise authors confidently tell,
 We had not birth till father Adam fell.
 Others assert, (if rightly understood,)

That we no being had before the Flood.
 However that may be, we're now well known
 From polar regions to the burning zone.
 Much good is done by us, and yet 'tis true,
 That we, ere now, have wrought much ruin too.
 Like wandering Arabs, we in hordes advance,
 Heedless of danger or the pointed lance :
 The bended bow we're sometimes known to bear,
 And blood-red banners 'midst our troops appear.

And sometimes o'er the heath or cultur'd land,
As in debate, all motionless we stand.
Anon, like Molocks bent on bloody deeds,
A sullen murmuring thro' our ranks proceeds :
Then see ! the dreadful conflict is begun,
Dire desolation marks the course we run ;
We rush up to the combat—heaps on heaps,
While at such deeds surrounding Nature weeps ;
And where our fiery messengers are sent,
All is laid low—the noblest structure rent.
And, in conclusion, take this brief remark,
One of our tribe can keep you in the *dark*.

AN ENIGMA.

WHEN Winter clothes the rising hills in snow,
And floods roll swiftly thro' the vales below ;
When murky clouds the mountains' tops invest,
Behold ! I come, tho' an unwelcome guest.

Oft, at your bolted doors I trembling stand,
When hideous darkness triumphs o'er the land,
And tho' you hear my voice—ye vain and proud,
Yet, no admittance is to me allow'd.

Where shall I turn ?—for e'en the needy poor
Against my cries relentless close their door,
Alas ! o'er barren fields compell'd to roam,
No place of rest—no spot to call my home ;

To pathless woods, or dreary moors I haste,
“ And sing my wild notes to the listening waste.”

When fierce Bellona bids her sons prepare
To wield the dreadful implements of war ;
And, while her crimson banners idly wave,
And round her throng the valiant and the brave,
There I am heard, and be it understood,
I urge her warriors on to deeds of blood.

Oft, like the thunder from the bursting cloud,
I shake the vaulted skies, and roar aloud ;
Yea, I can give the strongest tower a shock,
Cleave the huge oak, and tear the flinty rock.

Tho’ I’m produc’d to hurl destruction forth,
Believe me, I am not devoid of worth ;
Smith, brazier, and mechanic oft require
My aid, and force me thro’ a flaming fire ;
And, ere the ponderous hammer they can wield,
The stubborn metal to my power must yield.

Ye, who my unpretending verse peruse,
Ye learned sons and daughters of the Muse,
Ye critics, let the youthful bard go free.
Nor give the theme, of which I sing, to *me*.

CUPID AND DEATH.

AN ÆSOPIAN FABLE.

CUPID one sultry summer's day,
Opprest with heat, and tir'd of play ;
To shelter from the noon-tide heat,
Sought some sequester'd cool retreat ;
And to recruit his strength and wasted breath,
Enter'd, unwittingly, the Cave of Death.

Cool was the spot, and careless laid
Beneath the cavern's welcome shade,
He slept the passing hours away ;—
Then woke,—but saw with deep dismay,
His scatter'd arrows had forsook their sheath,
And mingled with the brazen shafts of Death !

Ah, dire mishap ! for tho' he well
The number of his darts could tell,—

Yet, as the ancient fable saith,
They were so like to those of Death,
So mingled, and so loosely strown,
He could not tell *them* from his own.

Now Cupid in his haste to leave
The dark recesses of the cave,
Takes, in mistake, ere he departs,
A portion of those fatal darts,
Which were by tyrant Death design'd
To end the lives of all mankind:
And, sad reverse!—(his judgment flown,)
He left a portion of his own.

Hence, from that sad eventful day,
Oft the decrepit and the grey,
(As daily scenes do amply prove,)
Are stricken with the bolts of Love.
While youth, alas! are oft laid low
By darts, tho' shot from Cupid's bow;—
Depriv'd by him, unwittingly, of breath,
For, ah, they are the barbed shafts of Death!

THE FOUNTAIN.

A COMPARISON.

I stood upon a rock sublime,
Grown grey, and chisel'd o'er by Time ;
Whose massy strength, and giant form,
Bar'd its broad bosom to the storm ;—

It overlook'd a woody vale :
The bilberry bloom, so paly blue,
Upon its breast profusely grew,
And oft, in circling eddies, threw

Its fragrance to the gale.
The gushing spring, from whence I stood,
Hoarse murmur'd down the steep green wood ;—

Now from the cliff abruptly tost,—
Now 'mongst the deep-green brackens lost,
And seem'd in haste, itself to throw
Into the peaceful stream below.

'Twas like, methought, the life of Man,
Whose sum of years is but a span :
As on his earthly pilgrimage,
From infancy to tottering age ;
Tost by the unrelenting world,
And from ambition's summit hurl'd,
He finds, alas ! no place of rest,
Whereon to throw his aching breast ;
Till mingled the base dust among,
From whence his feeble structure sprung ;
Where life's tumultuous passions cease,—
For in the grave, alone, is peace.

SONNETS.

THE MIDNIGHT STORM.

'Tis midnight :—dark and gloomy is the time,
No lunar planet cheers the solemn hours ;
Dark fitful clouds ride o'er the heavens sublime,
Whilst loud and boisterous the tempest roars.
I wake, and hear the elemental war,
And muse upon the hapless lot of those,
Who plough, with skilful hand, the ocean, far
From land, 'midst boisterous winds, and driving snows.
God help thee, hardy Mariner ! and guide
Thy surge-beat vessel through the trackless deep ;
Then, if no dire mishap should thee betide,
No wife shall mourn, no orphan children weep,—
Whilst the loud midnight tempest swells the sea,
This is my heartfelt wish, oh Mariner, for thee !

THE BLIGHTED LILY.

SWEET Flower! tho' late so beautiful and fair,
Thy beauty, now, is vanish'd all away ;—
Like the lorn virgin yielding to despair,
Who's fall'n the libertine's deluded prey.
Poor Lily! how thou droop'st thy languid head,
This frigid breath of March—it is too much—
Ah! how thou sicken'st on thy lowly bed,
Beneath the rude despotic tyrant's touch.
In pity I admire the sickly gem,
Nor will I pluck thee from thy parent stem.
Tho' now thou droop'st upon the frozen plain,
Thou weep'st—but are they tears of shame?—ah never!
In vernal showers thou'lt sweetly bloom again,—
When virgin innocence is gone—'tis gone for ever!

TO THE RISING MOON.

FAIR Queen of Night ! I love to see thee rise,
And gild with silver yonder distant hill :—
Soon wilt thou mount into the sapphire skies,
And smile on me when every sound is still.
Fair Queen of heaven ! dear to the pensive Muse,
To thee I turn my eyes, and hail thy beam ;—
Which sweetly gilds the evening's pearly dew,
And dances brightly in the limpid stream.
Now up the blue ethereal vault she rides,
And bright, and brighter grows her full round face,
Till not one cloud her silvery lustre hides,
And not a tarnish on her can I trace.—
Mild orb of night, may I resemble thee,
And, as I onward move, still bright, and brighter be !

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Who shall arrest thy hand, oh Time?—who build
On human greatness all his hope and trust?—
To thee this shatter'd pile will shortly yield,
And all its pride be levell'd with the dust.
In thought profound I trace the fretted aisle,
Which once responded to the organ's sound,
Where hooded monks the world's vain toys disown'd
And chanted sweetly in this stately pile;—
'Tis sweet, when full-orb'd Cynthia deigns to smile
Thro' these chink'd ivied walls—romantic scene!
To tread thy ancient vaults, and muse the while
On what this mouldering edifice hath been.—
Where is the stately fabric time shall spare?—
In solemn tones, the damp vault echoes—*where?*

ON LIFE.

IN youth's gay prime, Life promises more joys
Than she can e'er fulfil—and as we pass
Along its smooth or boisterous stream—alas!
Each long-wish'd object gain'd—how soon it cloy!
Life is a bubble,—what is man but grass?
He flourisheth, and in a season dies.

Could we behind Life's gloomy curtain have
One ardent glance—and view its varied scenes,—
Each pleasure, and each pain, which intervenes
Between the early cradle and the grave:
Then could we separate its ills and joys,
And in a balance hold the same to view;
Which would preponderate?—which would overpoise?—
I really know not—reader what say you?

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

I SAW a youth of dark and manly mien,
Wild were his looks—unsteady was his gait,
And on his brow deep anxious musing sate,—
He sought, for solitude, the woodland scene.
Alas the maid whom thy fond heart holds dear,
By her stern father's rigorous decree,
No more the converse sweet with thee shall share—
No, lovely Anna blossoms not for thee.
He scorns all consolation, nor will aught
Bring comfort to his heart, with anguish fraught;
Not all the beauties of the blushing Spring,
The balmy odours of the citron grove,
Nor all the wealth that Indian mines can bring,
Can soothe the heart of “disappointed love!”

THE INFANT'S FUNERAL

“No more of fatigue or endurance it knows ;
Oh weep not, oh break not, its gentle repose.

NEALE.

No lengthen'd train in sable garb array'd,
No stately hearse, with solemn waving plume,
Conveys within the church-yard's hallow'd shade,
The lovely infant to its early tomb.
No weeping groups, with mournful steps attend,
Whose eyes with bitter, briny tears are dim ;
Two, only, there o'er its cold ashes bend,
One, only, sheds affection's tears for him.
But why thus weep? why heave the quivering sigh?
Maternal tenderness at once forego,
Since its dear spirit soars to realms on high,
Far from a world of anxious care and woe.
In childhood's earliest stage, sweet babe, like thee,
Would that terrestrial scenes had clos'd on me !

TO MARIA.

Now has stern winter stript each towering tree,
And not a flower is seen to deck our plains,
But still thy cheek a beauteous flower retains,
The lily and the rose still bloom with thee.
Now the pois'd lark forsakes the lofty air,
In which he lately tun'd his little throat.
Where is the blackbird's distant voice? and where
Is Philomela's sweet nocturnal note?
The fragrant woodbine and the blushing rose,
Which lately round her little dwelling grew,
Lie buried deep in winter's drifting snows;
But genial spring their beauties will renew.
But, ah! Maria, when thy beauty's o'er,
'Tis doom'd, alas! to blossom here no more.

TO A PRIMROSE.

THOU sweet and simple flower, I hail thy smile,
And love thy modest, unassuming mien,—
Ere frowning boreas quits our native isle,
Thou cheer'st the wild and solitary scene.
Pale flower! fair herald of returning Spring,
Beneath the unclad hedges thou appears,
Ere the wild bee hath struck thee with his wing,
And from thy petal dash'd the dewy tears.
Amid the blast thou often wilt recoil,
Like blighted innocence, thy tender form
Shrinks at the treatment of the ruffian storm,
Which does thy pure, and spotless bosom soil.—
But when bright April's transient showers prevail,
Thou'lt bloom anew, beneath the vernal gale.

AN EVENING PROSPECT.

THE Sun's broad disc now crowns the western hill,
And throws around his wide departing rays ;—
Now sinks below th' horizon's verge—but still
The backward hills retain the golden blaze.
See ! yonder sloping vales, where rocks and woods,
Lit by the gathering lustre of the moon ;—
Whose beams now dance upon the limpid floods,
And tremble on the rising mists of June !
How sweet yon verdant grove's sequester'd shade !
For the sweet night-bird holds her vigils there ;
How wildly musical yon deep cascade,
Whose distant echo murmurs on my ear !
When day's bright orb has gain'd the western sea,
These scenes and sounds are doubly dear to me.

TO A FAVORITE TREE.

THOU towering Tree !—how oft in childhood's hour
Beneath thy wild luxuriant branches, I
Have lain,—when Summer with resistless power,
Roll'd yon bright orb along the fervid sky !
To shield me from the storm, now gathering fast,
To thy dear shade my pensive steps I draw ;—
But from black Envy's frown—the critic's blast,
Can'st thou avert th' impending storm ?—ah, no !—
On thy rough rind, by hoary Time spread o'er
With crumbling green, e'en yet is plainly shown
The rude-carv'd figures of my leisure hour,
Which tell how many short-liv'd years have flown :—
And thy green branches still will wildly wave
When I'm forgot—within my lowly grave.

AUTUMN.

'Tis sweet to wander thro' each winding copse,
When Autumn breezes strip the woodland bough ;
And on the holly, scarlet berries grow,
And the tall oak its browning treasure drops,
And clustering haws bedeck the hedgerow tops ;
A promis'd treasure for the feather'd kind,
When ice-wreath'd winter vegetation stops,—
Here, shall the race a scanty pittance find.
Now let the sceptic for a moment pause,
And ask, how chance should concord could devise ?
And, how unerring are fair Nature's laws,
And, how kind heaven each creature's want supplies ?
O'er each event, harmonious, let him scan,
Blush at his blindness—and disown the name of—MAN !

WINTER.

Now Winter comes with all his tyrant storms,
And strips the verdure of the smiling woods,
Swift down the mountains rush the sullen floods,
And wind along the vales in dreadful forms ;
The groves are silent, and the trees extend
Their naked limbs unto the yelling blast,
The ancient oak, the stubborn elm-tree vast,
Before the dire resistless tempest bend.
But when the storm subsides, and silent eve
Comes on, then o'er the depth of heaven are seen
Myriads of sapphires, while night's guardian queen
Comes smiling forth ; who then can not percieve
Th' Almighty hand ? it is the selfsame power
Form'd these, that bids the storms of Winter lower.

MORNING.

“ Falsely luxurious ! will not Man awake ;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour.”

THOMSON.

THE blushing east proclaims th' approach of day,
And hovering mists o'erhang the mountain's brow ;—
But soon these mists will vanish far away,
And the bright skies all wear a crimson glow.
O, now 'tis sweet to trace each winding lane,
Where dew-drops tremble on the blossom'd thorn ;
Where the loud song-thrush pours his pleasing strain,
And linnets hail the glad return of morn.
The dewy wood-bine scents the ambient air,
The fields are spread with various tinted flowers,
The murmuring bee begins to revel there,
And culls the nectar of these early hours.
Ah, who would spend his hours in slothful ease,
When Morning yields such matchless charms as these ?

EVENING.

“ Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air.”

THOMSON.

STILL Evening creeps along the western skies,
Where clustering clouds of every form and hue,
Chequer the firmament, so lovely blue,
Or in the viewless fields of air they rise,
Then part asunder, and are seen no more.
While Hesperus her lucid orb displays ;—
And soon ten thousand meet the raptur'd gaze,
Like sun-lit pebbles on the wave-beat shore !
But soon their beauteous light must fade, for, lo,
The broad bright moon advances o'er the hill,
And, 'mongst the woody vales she deigns to throw
Her silvery beams, while all around is still ;
Save, when we hear, by fits, the night-bird's call,—
Or the wild music of yon bursting waterfall.

DISTRESS.

How many thousands at this very hour
 Feel the keen-pointed weapon of Distress,
Who little thought that his despotic power
 Would thus involve their lives in wretchedness !
Perhaps some mother mourns her dying son,
 The only prop of her declining age :
Some weeping orphan's last, last parent gone !
 Thrown lone and helpless on the world's rude stage.
How many on the bed of sickness weep,
 While the pale moon o'er heaven's blue azure reigns ;
No hand to smooth their pillow, or to keep
 The night-watch, or to soothe their heartfelt pains.
Tho' I, thank heaven, from such distress am freed,
Yet thus to muse on theirs, is deep distress indeed !

HARVEST HOME.

THE rustics' song proclaims the work is done,
Each honest laborer's features wears a smile,
For Ceres has bestow'd her annual boon—
A plenteous harvest crowns their "useful toil."
And, lo! the "last load" leaves the stubble fields,
And slowly moves along the upland lea;
In chequer'd groups the glowing landscape yields
A scene of jollity and social glee.
'Tis eve—and in the east, so lovely blue,
With broader disc, behold fair Cynthia come!
And oft I turn her full round orb to view,
And muse upon the final "Harvest Home,"
When those who people this wide world shall be
All gather'd to their final destiny!

SUMMER EVENING.

Now while the Sun his broad orb does enwrap
In burnish'd clouds upon the western hills,
Let me, thro' yonder meadow's opening gap
Pursue my evening walk, where fancy wills.
'Mongst blossom'd trefoil, and the harebells gay,
Let me the sweet and healthful breeze inhale ;
For here the redbreast chants his evening lay,
And the lone cuckoo shouts her plaintive tale.
Upon the apple bloom, the murmuring bee
Sits, and extracts the hidd'n melliferous sweet,
Then, homeward, hums across the flowery lea,
Till morning calls her from the close retreat.—
On a calm summer's eve, to me how dear
“ Each rural sight” to see—“ each rural sound” to hear !

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP,
AT MIDNIGHT.

WHENCE are these sounds so delicately soft,
Which fall in mystic cadence on my ear?
Ah, now it seems an airy choir aloft,—
Receding now—and now approaching near.
I to this magic harmony could list,
Till fancy, ever on the wing, could think
Some kindred spirit, from its clay dismiss'd,
Was now conducted over Time's rude brink
By angels, who, in the full chorus join'd,
In strains symphonious, strike the golden lyre,
Then soar upon the "pinions of the wind,"
And join, in brighter realms, the heavenly choir;—
Lyre of the viewless winds! thy strains give o'er,
My soul is full, and I can hear no more!

THE COMET.

MYSTERIOUS wanderer ! what delight we feel
To see thee streaming o'er yon lovely blue !—
With what unerring force thou dost pursue
Thy destin'd journey, for Creation's weal !
Some, with a foolish, superstitious fear,
Deem thee the harbinger of plague and war ;
An omen view in thy distended rear ;
A bloody ensign, waving from afar.
Not so, the deep astronomer, he views
With heartfelt joy, and hails thy mystic light ;
Not so, the sons and daughters of the Muse,
It leads to thoughts sublime—ideas bright.—
While *those* with joy, behold his lustre set,
These mark his glorious exit with regret.

TO MIDNIGHT.

'Tis twelve o'clock, all silent as the grave,
The slumbering world now buried lies in sleep,
And scarce a whisper o'er th' ethereal deep ;
Save when the gust thro' the green forest waves ;
No ghosts appear, no spectres to be seen ;
As oft we've read in old romantic tales,
Sweeping along the solitary vales,
Or dance at midnight on the sylvan green.
Now is the time, the philosophic mind,
With optic tube, out-stretch'd to yonder skies,
Sees distant, unknown worlds before him rise.
While on some mossy, shady bank reclin'd,
The lover breathes beneath the lunar beam
His ardent vows, beside some murmuring stream.

A REFLECTION.

“ Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume.”

HURDIS.

BEHOLD this solitary flower,—how sweet !
How fraught with wonder to the studious mind !
How complicated !—yea, and how replete
With grandeur is the vegetable kind !
Next view yon Sun, which yields his daily light,
(For thee, oh Man, the blazing orb was given ;)
Yon Moon, which cheers the solitary night,
And rides sublimely o’er the vault of heaven.
Yon Planets, circling round the Fount of Day ;
Yon twinkling Stars which throng the heavenly zone ;
Yon Comet, speeding to the solar ray,
Then launching out to realms of space unknown :
These Wonders, and ten thousand more, proclaim
The Power Divine, which rais’d the mighty frame.

TO THE MUSE.

ENCHANTING Muse ! in childhood's golden hours,
How thy sweet voice my pleasures did enhance !
How have I listen'd to thy wild romance
'Midst antique scenes, or 'mongst the woodland bowers !
'Twas then I wreath'd a chaplet for my brow,
Wild were its flowers, and transient as the day ;
This round my rude harp I entwin'd, and *now*
I cheat old Care with many an idle lay.
Thou sweet enchantress of my leisure hours !—
What, tho' thy votary is unknown to Fame ;
Tho' fortune frowns, and baleful sickness lowers,
Tho' friends prove false, (unworthy of the name,)
Soother of every grief, and every ill,
I'll find in thee a sweet companion still.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF
ROBIN HOOD.

HERE while I linger near the silent spot
Where Sherwood's hero slumbers in his grave,
O'er which the indeciduous yew doth wave
Its melancholy shade—a peaceful grot—
My mind reverts to days of monkish pride,
Which often trembled at thy bold career ;—
Thou rang'dst, with comrades brave, the forest wide,
With well-strung bows, and slew the mountain deer.
The swift-wing'd shaft—sent with unerring eye—
The wild romantic scenes by thee past o'er,

Long, long shall charm the heart ;—but ah, I sigh,
‘ The age of Chivalry is now no more ! ’—
Long may this moss-grown stone*—this uncouth strain,
A brief memorial of thy feats remain.

* This celebrated outlaw was interr'd in a sequester'd spot in Kirklees Park, about six miles from Halifax, and five from Birstall. The stone, bearing the following inscription, is enclosed by a wall and railing about ten feet in height. Several large yews and forest-trees grow contiguous, which give to the whole a very imposing and romantic appearance.

Hear underneath dis litl stean
Laz robert earl of Huntingtun
Neer arcir ver az hie sa geud
An pipl kauld im robin heud
Sick utlawz az hi an iz men
Vil england nivr si agen

Obitt 24. kal. Decembris 1247.

TO THE MOON.

EMPRESS of heaven ! that smiles serenely bright,
And up yon blue expanse, nobly careers ;—
The twinkling stars withdraw their feeblèr light
When the fair argent messenger of Night appears.
The 'nighted traveller hails thy lovely beams,
When anxious, thro' bewilder'd roads he strays,—
Thro' lonely dells, and woods—by haunted streams,
Oh, with what rapture he beholds thy tranquil rays!
Yes, doubly welcome, lovely satellite !
Thou art the daring seaman's friendly guide,
When o'er the trackless deep thou shin'st so bright,
Thou point'st out dangers near, and heav'st the swelling
tide.
I hail thee, while I tread the shadowy grove,
Friend to the Muse, to silence, and to love !

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

THE Summer's sultry gales are past, and now
Dark Autumn's desolating blasts succeed,
Laying the foliage of the woodlands low,—
 Blighting the beauty of each flowery mead,
 And scattering wide the propagating seed ;
While golden fruitage bends the pliant bough,
And in the bright autumnal sunbeams glow,—
 How lovely ! tho' from fragrant blossoms freed.
The fields have lost their stores of waving grain,
Yet the bound sheaves uprear their plumed heads ;—
 While dashing thro' the yellow fading glades,
Behold the hunters' wild obstreperous train !
Then sweep the open vale in wild array,
Or o'er the steep green hills they cheerly bound away.

TO A WILD ROSE.

HERE as thou meet'st my eye,—neglected blossom !
How thou remind'st me of blest childhood's hours !
When oft I wreath'd thee 'mongst the wildest flowers,
Unthorn'd, and clasp'd thee to my infant bosom.
When Summer had matur'd thy opening bud,
Which bloom'd upon the margin of the wood,
How pleas'd was I to see the rosy gem
With modest blushes crown its native stem !
How often, when a tiny boy, I would
Pull from the brier the tinted diadem !
But when the Bee has sipp'd its native sweets,
By each relentless breeze the flower is torn ;—
Thus a like fate the friendless poet meets,
His sweets are sipp'd, while he is left to mourn !

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